



TOKEN HUNTER



1983

2

7

1984

Volume No. 1 No. 19

A publication of the NATIONAL UTAH TOKEN SOCIETY
P.O. Box 510392 Salt Lake City, Utah 84151

Dedicated to the Collecting, Recording, and Preservation
of Tokens and Medals.

JULY

While searching through George Thompson's book, "Some Dreams Die," Harold and I ran across an article about Boston Terrace. George stated that, because of the remote area where the mining camp was located, it was probably the least explored in Utah. We immediately began making plans to spend a weekend at Boston Terrace and the Newfoundland Mountains.

As the book stated, it was no easy task getting to this desert mountain range. Harold sent a letter to the B.L.M., asking them to mail us an aerial map of the area. He studied it intensely and made a note of the mining symbols written on it. He decided that these camps and mines would be the best places to begin exploring.

Next came a very important part of the planning. How do we get there? Harold took a day off from work and drove out to Lakeside, a military installation west of the Great Salt Lake, and, after many wrong roads, finally discovered what he believed to be the one that led to the Newfoundlands!

He called Bruce Robinson, and his friend, Ken Lambson and told them of his discovery. They were as excited as we were to begin our adventure.

We left home at 1:00 a.m. and began driving towards our destination. We decided that it would be best to travel by dark of night because we had to do most of our driving on Southern Pacific Railroad property and didn't want any trouble. It had rained a lot the day before and the road was so slippery that we almost slid off the dirt road into a salty bog several times. I was really scared about getting stuck because the area was so remote. If you decide to try your luck at finding the Newfoundland Range, don't do it alone or without a 4-wheel drive vehicle! This desert country can be deadly!

We had to wait until dawn so that it would be light enough to see the causeway leading from the tracks to the Newfoundland Mountains. My heart jumped into my throat as we made our way towards the desolate peaks rising high above the desert floor.

Off in the distance we caught our first glimpse of civilization, the ruins of an old mining camp. Primitive mining implements were strewn everywhere. Broken-down shacks and a very deep and dangerous vertical shaft leading into the depths of the earth, a rusted out model-T truck, and an unusual root cellar were some of the more interesting sights.

Further on down the road, the terrain changed dramatically. As we neared the mountains, I was surprised at the beauty of the landscape. Wind and weather had carved the soft sandstone and granite leaving deep caves and caverns. My son, Steve, and I could hardly wait to explore. Because of the wet spring this year, streams cascaded down the cliffs and into the hollowed out caves. As we wandered around, we discovered writings on rocks and on cave entrances. One hundred years ago, explorers and miners had left their mark using coal oil. It was apparent that these caves had been used as dwellings for some of them. On the outside of one well-protected den was written, "Elmer Kimber and A.H. Merrill, HOME."

Outside another cavern, where hundreds of rocks had been stacked to protect them from the elements, was written, "Robert Merride Enstern, June 10, 1885". Several of the letters on the inscription were reversed, which lead me to believe that the writer was uneducated. We discovered the remains of an old stove, and a rod-iron bed. We're going to fix up the bed for our cabin!

The next day, after carefully studying the maps, we got into our trucks and headed southwest around the mountain. We got stuck badly, several times, but finally made it to what we believed to be Boston Terrace. A steep road full of huge boulders lay ahead. After an hour or so of slow, hard climbing, we reached our destination. We had to leave the truck and hike about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile up hill to get to an old cabin and an abandoned mine. The cabin was built out of rocks and was standing on a hillside overlooking the vast desert. Outside the mine was huge mining machinery and an old buckboard. We didn't have very much luck detecting anything old, a couple of wheat pennies and a few old relics, but we had a good time, anyway.

Back at our old camp, Ken, a real rock hound, located some indian petroglyphs, an unexpected find for this barren desert!

Instead of our regular monthly meeting, usually held the 4th Thursday of each month, we will be having our annual summer party at Tibble Fork.

July 30-31
Call Bruce
for details
968-1629

N. U. T. S. N E W S

I recently had the pleasure of talking with a cute little gentleman in our club, Cliff Zimmerman! It's hard to believe that he's almost 91 years old! He still drives a car all over the city, and spends his days at his son's shop, Zim Stamp and Coin, greeting customers and telling them jokes. I've never met anyone with such a talent for remembering jokes! He also can recall old landmarks around the valley that disappeared years ago, and I'm sure that he would be delighted to point out places of interest for club members to dig! Thanks, Cliff, for keeping us laughing!

Our June N.U.T.S. meeting was outstanding! It is one that will be remembered for a long time! Harry Campbell arranged to have George Thompson, author of the book, "Some Dreams Die", come and speak to us and share his vast knowledge of Utah's ghost towns and lost treasures. George mentioned that he did most of his treasure hunting alone, because no one was interested in going with him. Of course, no one in attendance could understand this!! I took a few notes on exciting places to explore. If you'd like the names, just give me a call!

During the break, we munched on some delicious cookies that Afton made, and we had our drawing for tokens.

Afterwards, Harry told us all about his new book, which, hopefully, will be on bookstore shelves by Christmas! It's going to be a beauty, over 700 pages, filled with pictures, stories of lost treasures and ghost towns and legends of the old west! At the first printing, 3000 books will be on the market! That is the largest number of token books ever printed! Congratulations, Harry, and best of luck! You truly are a valuable asset to our club!

Harold Franke recently dug some interesting pieces! At his father's home, he located an extremely unusual triangular aluminum piece with GHL written on it. He also uncovered a silver nickel, and a 1940 quarter in good condition.

FOR SALE: 1982 Fairmont Futura, \$6000 firm. Has everything; P.S., F.B., A.T., Air, Cruise control, tilt, AM and FM stereo, 6 cyl., tinted glass, Deluxe interior, vinyl top, convenience group. Call Frank at 262-1085, evenings.



Don't forget our summer outing on July 30-31st at Tibble Fork, up American Fork Canyon. See you There!

"It makes no difference who you are; or what you think you are; how much money you have; or how well educated you are; because the one who saves pennies has the most "Cents"." Cliff Zimmerman, author